

Bright Eyes,

a clear skin, a clear head, a clear system—follow the use of Carlsbad Sprudel Salt.

Partly because of its cleansing, purifying action upon the blood, and because of its solvent, strengthening, stimulating action upon the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. It brings them back to a healthy, natural condition in a natural way.

Habitual constipation, biliousness, loss of appetite, defective nutrition, dyspepsia—every one of these has a time-tried remedy in the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt. It is the actual water of the Sprudel Spring, solidified and put into powder form on the spot. For chronic catarrh of the stomach and other stomachic diseases, use the imported Carlsbad Sprudel Water, and add a small dose of the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt to a tumblerful of the water whenever a laxative action is desired.

Do not be imposed upon by unscrupulous dealers, who will sell you a mixture of Seidlitz Powder or Glauber Salt or "Improved Carlsbad Salt" or "Artificial Carlsbad Salt," "German Salt," or under other names.

Insist upon the genuine article, which must bear the seal of the city of Carlsbad, and the signature of "EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents, New York," on every bottle.

AN ENGLISH VIEW.

A Wife's Experience in Getting Money From Her Husband.

From the London Queen.

None but housekeepers know how very little of their money is really spent on themselves. Most certainly every wife should have her private purse, for, as a wretched woman said only the other day, "I would rather go without dinner for a week, or a dress for a year, than go to my husband on Saturday morning with the books. He is always wanting extra delicacies at table, and then grumbling because the butcher's bill is £1 10s 4d this week when it was only £1 11s 4d last week. I vainly remind him he insisted on having sweetbreads on Tuesday and fillet on Friday, and that that has made the difference; but he cannot, or will not see it, and grumbles and haggles until he makes me quite ill, and then he pays the books, leaving me with a few shillings for 'current expenses' till the next Saturday. He ordered some wood the other day for which he had to be paid at the door. He forgot to leave me the money, and when cook brought the bill I had to own I had not 6s, and to borrow that sum from her. Oh, the humiliation of it!" And her eyes filled with tears as she spoke. That man's income is probably £500 or £600 a year, and his wife has to borrow 6s from her own servant to pay for firewood!

Such a husband ought to be ashamed of himself—he degrades himself, he lowers and harasses his wife. Let him go seriously into the subject of his income, decide how it is to be portioned off, hand the wife over her monthly allowance, and never discuss a bill or a butcher with her again. It is to her interest to do her best, and she is certain to do it, and life will be made brighter for both accordingly.

CASE OF A GUM CHEWER.

The Judge Was Unable to Find a Law That Was Applicable.

From the London Queen.

"Mary, the Gum Chewer," is abroad in the land and the female seminary girl will now have to give up the medal to this new woman with the untiring maxillary. Mary's full name has a musical ring. "Mary Maloney" was the way it was written on Justice Richardson's docket yesterday morning. Mary having been arrested during the night for disorderly conduct. Officer Shurbert, who made the arrest, asserted that "Mary's gum chewing was becoming a source of annoyance to the police force from the fact that she was chewing so furiously and incessantly as to attract large crowds."

Sunday night, the officer asserted, Mary stood near the corner of Harrison and State streets manipulating a generous quantity of tolu and the people on their way to the theaters stopped short at sight of her.

"Many of them," declared the officer, "involuntarily worked their jaws in sympathy and with that same magnetic power exercised by the pianist who plays over the village children, Mary Maloney held her subjects in a spell."

"Well," said Justice Richardson, when the officer had finished his report on the statute about gum, and I can't hang this woman for witchcraft, so what am I going to do?"

A consultation was held between Prosecutor Thompson and the court, which resulted in the dismissal of "Mary, the Gum Chewer."

On Interviewing.

From the National Review.

If it is worth the while of a public man to grant an interview at all, it is certainly worth his while that it should be done well, and it can only be done well if he condescends to step down from his pedestal and co-operate almost on equal terms with the interviewer. In the first place, the interviewer, who has had a large experience in his craft, is a specialist. He is more likely than the average man to understand the conditions which go to the construction of a successful interview, and therefore he should be allowed a tolerably free hand as regards form and arrangement. Personally, of course, I always take stock as rapidly as I can of the interviewee and consult his humor in everything. After all, he is the person most intimately concerned with the success of the joint production, as it is his name with which the public is concerned, and not that of the interviewer, who is almost invariably anonymous.

I am always in his debt for the concession of the interview, and if he wishes it he must be largely master of its manner. I am only suggesting that the wisest plan, after the original act of gracious concession has been made, is to forget, for the brief hour of the interview, that you are a Jupiter and the other man a black beetle. Don't imagine that he is necessarily unconvincing with affairs, political or literary.

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IN POLICETOOLS

Saved From the Rain by Getting Arrested.

Cases in the Police Court This Morning.

ing and the Sentences Imposed by the Judge.

Judge Kimball has not an ear for all kinds of music, and he frankly says so. Street musicians in the vicinity of the court during the sessions are not wanted, nor does he want any brass bands in the building. Caterer Baker's coffee cups served the purposes of brass instruments in the cell, so far as a colored child incarcerated there was concerned, and while the child may have enjoyed its particular kind of music, the judge did not. The child was only about two years old, but she was unfortunate enough to be the daughter of a woman who had been arrested and locked up for some trivial infraction of the law, and the police had allowed her to take the child with her.

The infant did not save the mother from the impositions of the penal law, and by law, and the little one, who had played "Annie Rooney" or some other popular air on the stove with the coffee cups, is now living in the jail.

"Not much in this morning's lot," remarked Policeman Flynn, as he looked over the party of eighteen of the court's guard.

"Ain't there much?" came the voice of a colored patron of cheap saloons on 7th street. "What's the matter with me? I'm here, and I'm as much as anybody in this world, if I do drink corn whiskey in your neighborhood."

"Anybody sick this morning?" was the way the policeman ended the discussion. This caused a general laugh among the prisoners, who had enjoyed the hot coffee and cold food handed them through the bars, and they felt as well, if not better, than those of their class who were out in the rain, some of whom, no doubt, would have been in the cell.

"This way," said the officer when the cell doors had been thrown wide open, and the procession moved into Judge Kimball's court and awaited the arrival of the judge.

Procession Led Off.

Sam Harris and Robert Parker, colored men, appeared at the rail and said "not guilty" when arraigned for disorderly conduct.

"They were near 7th and N streets last night about 12 o'clock," said Policeman Ellis. "They were in a dispute and had been drinking. I heard them use bad language, and they got in Blagden's alley I arrested them."

"Did you hear both men use profanity?" the court asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the officer. "The prisoners denied the charge, but Policeman Cleveland said he heard the bad language, and the usual result was imposed. Five white men charged tramps, whose appearance showed that they had been on the road some time, appeared under the names of Joseph Anderson, John Anderson, Martin Termer, John Daley and James Butler, and were charged with vagrancy."

These five men came to the second precinct last night," said the officer. "They were arrested, and one of them had just reached the city, but he had a lodging ticket on him."

"And I had found it on the street," interrupted the particular prisoner. "The prisoners, the officer explained, were unable to give good accounts of themselves and he locked them up."

Because of the condition of the weather the strangers were not very enthusiastic in the pleas for liberty.

"I'll leave town today, if you let me go," said one man.

The one who had the lodging ticket also expressed a desire to be turned out in the rain, but the others had nothing to say.

Judge Kimball said, "Ten days each."

Had a Coat.

George Winston, a young colored man, was arrested as a suspicious character because he was seen on the street by Precinct Detective Barnes with an old coat in his possession.

"When I arrested him he said a lady gave him the coat," explained the officer. "At first he said the lady called him to her house and then he said he met her on the street."

"Then you want him held until you can investigate his possession of the coat?" inquired the court.

"Yes, sir."

The prisoner was committed. "Guilty," responded John Gregory, when arraigned for disorderly conduct, and the usual fine was imposed.

George Gibson, a young colored man who did not say where he lived, was in the tolls as a suspicious person because Watchman Ruppel had found him in a railroad freight yard on Maryland avenue. He found him there last night about 12 o'clock, and he had a bag in his hand.

"And I had been seen stolen from there recently," said the watchman, and I arrested him."

"When Gibson was put on the stand he tried to make a game of it, and said, 'I just got here yesterday,' he said, 'and was on my way to see my sister in Fighting alley.'"

"Where's your home?"

"My father lives on 12th street."

Although George said he had just reached the city, before he left the stand he said he had been working here in a store yard for three weeks.

Judge Kimball concluded that George was a good man to lock up, and gave him one month on the farm.

Mary West, colored, who had been arrested on 13th street for being disorderly, and co-operate almost on equal terms with the interviewer. In the first place, the interviewer, who has had a large experience in his craft, is a specialist. He is more likely than the average man to understand the conditions which go to the construction of a successful interview, and therefore he should be allowed a tolerably free hand as regards form and arrangement. Personally, of course, I always take stock as rapidly as I can of the interviewee and consult his humor in everything. After all, he is the person most intimately concerned with the success of the joint production, as it is his name with which the public is concerned, and not that of the interviewer, who is almost invariably anonymous.

I am always in his debt for the concession of the interview, and if he wishes it he must be largely master of its manner. I am only suggesting that the wisest plan, after the original act of gracious concession has been made, is to forget, for the brief hour of the interview, that you are a Jupiter and the other man a black beetle. Don't imagine that he is necessarily unconvincing with affairs, political or literary.

"I guess I'm guilty, but I don't remember," was his plea.

"He had been drinking," said the judge. "That somebody did not knock you down or kill you. If they had done so they would have had a pretty good defense. This is a disorderly conduct of the worst kind, and you are fined \$10 or twenty days."

Ernest Grigsby, colored, and William Rabbit, "Mr. Replinger" again, were charged, but they had stopped at a police station last night and asked to be permitted to remain till morning.

"In any way to Baltimore to get work," the colored man said.

"Are you a farm hand?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir. I've been working in Virginia near Rapidan, but I thought I would go where I could do better."

"And I'm from Philadelphia," said Cook. "I'm a machinist, and had been promised a job in Philadelphia, and I hope you will let me return to them."

Their personal bonds were taken.

Mike Cox, colored, who was complained against for having figured in two crap games, admitted his guilt, and went down for forty-five days in default of fine.

Horse or Mule.

A colored driver named Thomas Green was before the Police Court today on a charge of cruelty to animals, but just what kind of an animal he was charged with having treated in this manner was not certain. One of the agents of the Humane Society had filed the paper, which Mr. Head, the colored man's employer, read, "did then and there cruelly torture and torment an animal of the horse kind, to wit, a mule."

"Then, what would you charge the mule with being?" queried the court.

"A member of the Jackass family," replied Mr. Head.

"It was a horse, anyhow," said Agent Rabbit. "Mr. Replinger" again, was charged, but they had stopped at a police station last night and asked to be permitted to remain till morning.

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